PZ 9
.W119
W

FT MEADE
GenColl

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

White Bird, The Little Indian

BOOKS BY

MARY HAZELTON WADE.

In the "Indian Series."

TEN LITTLE INDIANS,
Stories of how Indian Children lived and played.

TEN BIG INDIANS,
Stories of Famous Indian Chiefs.

INDIAN FAIRY TALES,
As told to the Little Children of the Wigwam.

TEN INDIAN HUNTERS,
Stories of Famous Indian Chiefs.

Ten full page illustrations. Price $1.00.

In "Uncle Sam's Old Time Stories Series."

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN,
Stories of how our Country was Discovered.

OLD COLONY DAYS,
Stories of the first Settlers and how our Country grew.

BUILDING OF THE NATION,
Stories of how our Forefathers lived, and what they did to make our Country a United one.

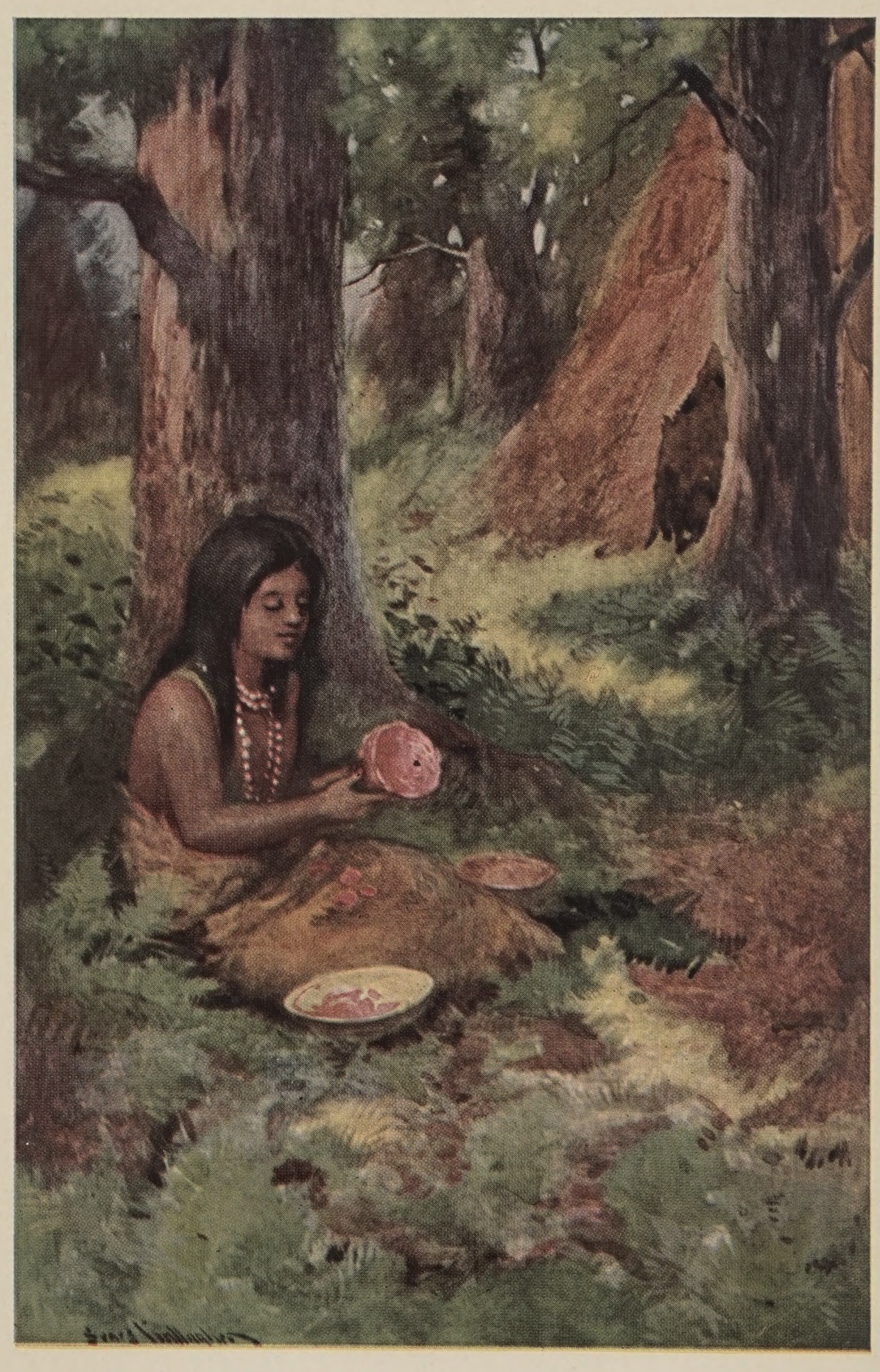
Fully illustrated. Price 75c.

NEW LITTLE AMERICANS,
Stories of and about the children living in our new possessions, and under the Stars and Stripes.

Fully illustrated. Price $1.00.

LITTLE FOLKS OF NORTH AMERICA,
Stories of Children living in the different parts of North America.

Illustrated. Price $1.00.



White Bird, The Little Indian

BEING THE STORY OF A RED CHILD AND HER LOVE FOR A LITTLE PILGRIM

BY

MARY HAZELTON WADE

Colored Frontispiece by

SEARS GALLAGHER

W. A. WILDE COMPANY

BOSTON CHICAGO

PZ 9
.W119
W

Copyright, 1912
By W. A. Wilde Company
All rights reserved

White Bird, The Little Indian

$0.60
© Cl. A 320370
No 1.

Foreword

LET us travel back in our minds to the days of long ago,—the days when the red man roamed freely throughout New England, without a thought that others of a race quite different from his own, would ever be the owners of the land and the rulers over it. In those days there were no roads,—only narrow trails which the constant treading of many feet had beaten down through the forests. There were no cities or towns; but scattered here and there through the wilderness were tiny villages, made up of perhaps a dozen huts. There were no stores where the men could trade, exchanging pieces of money for the various articles used in the simple housekeeping. Each family depended upon itself to obtain from the sea, the earth, and the air enough to provide whatever food, clothing and shelter were necessary.

In their light canoes the men paddled down the streams and went out for short distances

upon the sea to procure fish. With their bows and arrows they brought down geese and ducks as they flew overhead, or hunted deer and turkeys in the forests near their homes.

The women planted fields of corn to furnish their families with the sweet and tender grain they all loved so dearly, tanned the skins of the deer brought home by the men, plucked and dried the feathers of the wild geese and turkeys, braided rushes and grasses into mats with which they formed the covering of their wigwams and the only beds known to themselves and their families.

The children picked berries, gathered grasses which they wove into baskets, and helped in the light housekeeping. Proud indeed was the boy when his aim had become so true with his tiny bow and arrow that he could hunt game with his father; equally proud was the girl when she grew so skilful in working out patterns in the baskets and mats that she wove that her mother praised her for her careful work.

Among the red men of that olden time there were days of plenty when, joyous and care-free, the people enjoyed feast after feast. Many songs were sung and many stories told; dances were given in wild, strange costumes that filled the child-onlookers with wonder and delight. But there were also days when the larder was empty, because King Frost kept the animals in hiding and the hunters were forced to come home with empty hands. Or, perhaps, wolves broke into the store of grain and devoured it while the spring was yet far away.

Then, indeed, the children of the red men crouched near the fire of the wigwam, striving hard to hide the hunger which cried out within them. In the midst of this wild, free life something new and exciting entered in,—it was the coming of the white men.

At first it was the visit of a ship, that, in passing, stopped for trade and barter on the shores of New England. Everything about the strangers was interesting to the red men,—the color

of their skins, the curious dress, the weapons, so terrible and deadly, which brought at each discharge, the thunder from heaven. The speech, too, which none could understand, except as motions of the head and hands helped to interpret it, filled the simple savages with wonder.

But when one of these ships left the shore, carrying on board some of the red men as prisoners, it is no wonder that the friends and relatives left behind were filled with anger, and fear of the white men laid hold upon their hearts.

Then, when a few of these white traders afterwards fell into the hands of the red men, it was not strange that they were treated with cruelty, which caused the death of one after another. The last of all gave a warning in his dying words,—a warning that, before long, everyone in that Indian village where he had been kept prisoner, should shortly meet death.

Soon afterwards the plague fell upon the people, and in a few days not one of them remained alive. The prophecy had come true.

It was to this very spot that the Pilgrims journeyed in their wanderings. Some of the red men who dwelt along the bleak shore were ready to welcome them and give them help. This was partly through fear, because they remembered the prophecy and its fulfillment. There was also another reason. Among them was one who had been taken prisoner by a trading ship and had been carried to distant lands, but who had been brought back to tell wonderful stories of the goodness as well as the power of the white men.

These Indians were ruled over by the wise chief Massasoit. Acting under his advice, they became the friends of the Pilgrims, though their ways seemed strange and curious.

Slowly, yet surely, this friendship grew, and well it was for the Pilgrims, for not far distant were other tribes who hated the white men and were ready, when a chance should offer, to do them harm. But that is another story.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Deserted Village	13
II	An Evening with Squanto	30
III	Strangers on the Shore	41
IV	The Long Ago	51
V	The Fight	64
VI	The Coming of Bright Star	74
VII	The New Home	90
VIII	The Meeting with Bright Star	97
IX	The Visit	113
X	A White Sister at Last	121

WHITE BIRD

THE LITTLE INDIAN

CHAPTER I

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

"LITTLE WHITE BIRD, the sun puts you to shame. It is already high above the great water. Come, the day's work is waiting."

So spoke the red child's mother as she gave her a gentle shake.

White Bird's eyes opened wide, and without stopping to yawn or stretch herself, she sprang from her mat and, throwing back from her face her long, black hair, darted out of the wigwam.

The air was crisp and a white sheet of frost spread over the earth all around her. But the

sun, still round and low, seemed beckoning to the child from the eastern sky.

"I come, bright sun, I come," White Bird whispered as she ran down the pathway to the ocean which stretched broad and blue before her.

A moment afterward she had plunged into the waves, for the morning bath must be taken, no matter how cold was the day. And if she stopped to think about it she would only shiver the longer and it would be all the harder.

One, two, three times White Bird disappeared beneath the waves; then, breathless and dripping, and with her red skin purpled by the cold, she ran up and down in the morning air.

Now home again! The Indian mother was already building the fire and preparing thick slices of deer meat for breakfast. White Bird's father and her brother Red Deer beside him were still sleeping. The little girl knew this because their eyes were closed and they breathed heavily.

"It is good to be a boy," thought White Bird, as she put on her garment, an apron of deer skin, and began to help her mother.

"But after all," she considered, "Red Deer will soon be a man. Then he will meet trouble and danger. He must be ready to fight and defend his women folks from the enemy. He must work hard to get them food, and, if he fails, he will be jeered and scorned for his want of success. No, I am glad that I shall grow up to be mistress of a lodge. By-and-by I will have a corn field of my own to plant and shall weave mats and baskets in whatever pattern I think good."

Nine summers had passed since White Bird's black eyes had first looked into her mother's loving face. For nine cold New England winters she had toasted her feet before the fireplace in the middle of the lodge, and now her birth month was at hand, for the hunter's moon had already appeared in the heavens.

"More wood; come, White Bird, to work,"

chided the mother as she noted the dreamy look in her little daughter's eyes.

Away to the woods ran the child, without waiting for a second bidding.

As she came back with a load she was greeted by the delicious odor of roasting meat. Not always was there breakfast in that Indian household. Sometimes it was because the game had proved scarce or foxes had broken into the store of corn. Again, it might be that Two Bears, the child's father, was away on a long hunt and it was well to fast. If the family got in the habit of eating regularly every morning it would not be easy to go without food when obliged to do so.

But now, how good that deer meat smelled! White Bird took long sniffs of delight.

While she was away her father and brother had risen and taken their morning plunge. The old grandmother, whom White Bird loved next to her mother, was also stirring and already

shaking the sleeping mats and putting them in place for the day.

And now the slices of venison were taken, all black and charred, from the fire. The ashes were brushed from the best and thickest pieces and laid on a rough wooden plate.

At a signal from his wife, Two Bears sat down cross-legged on one of the mats, his son beside him. The meat was placed before them and they began to eat the simple breakfast.

White Bird's stomach was already calling loudly for food, but she must not think of eating yet. To sit down with the men folks and not wait till they were satisfied! Why, that was a thing unheard of among Indian fashions. The little girl must stand ready to serve them, to fetch them cold water, to refill their plates if they wished,—yes, that was her work. And, by-and-by, when they had finished and gone out from the lodge, she would sit down with her mother and grandmother, and eat what remained.

"It grows late in the year," said White Bird's mother, as her little daughter was still busy picking the last titbit of tender meat from the bones which had fallen to her portion. "Our store of nuts is small for the winter. You shall go to-day and fill your baskets. Follow the trail to the north of us and you will find many trees."

White Bird looked up with solemn eyes. "Yes, I know. It is the trail towards the deserted village." She spoke slowly.

"Yes. But you need not fear. Think of your totem and you will meet with no harm," said the old grandmother, who had been listening and watching White Bird's face. She pointed to the figure of a fox which Two Bears had painted on a large stone and had then set up in the place of honor in the home. The same figure could be seen on several of the mats which lined the walls of the wigwam. The spirit of the fox, so Two Bears believed, was the guardian of himself and his family.

A few minutes afterwards the Indian child,

bareheaded and barefooted, was running lightly along the trail of which her mother had spoken. She carried two large baskets which she had made the summer before. They sent out a pleasant odor, for White Bird had woven sweet grass in among the rushes. How the child loved this grass, and what quantities she gathered every year, not only for her own work, but for her mother and grandmother!

The baskets must be filled with nuts before she could go home, but it was still early and she had the day before her.

On she ran, on, on, for a mile or two, with not even a stop! Why did she not lose her breath and gasp, as a white girl would have done? Because she had been trained to run, as other children are to walk. And, also, because there were no tight bands about her waist, no stiff leather binding the little feet which were planted on the ground so firmly.

How good the clear, crisp air was! How bright the sun! How blue the sky!

Faster and faster she flew with her black hair streaming behind her! The trail was narrow, but well trodden, for it had been made by the passage of Indian feet over it through years and years of travelling, tens, hundreds of years maybe. White Bird had never thought of such big numbers as these years could tell.

After she had travelled some five miles or more, she stopped to look among the trees on either side of the trail. Was this a good place to begin her search for the nuts? She sat down to consider. Two gray squirrels among the branches overhead began to scold. They said, so White Bird thought, "Go away, go away. We won't let you get our store of nuts. We have hidden it safe from your sharp eyes!"

A big, white rabbit came hopping along through the bushes. "If Red Deer were here, he would shoot you with his arrow," White Bird said.

At the sound of the girl's voice, the rabbit looked up with its blinking pink eyes. Then

away it scurried, rattling the dry leaves underneath.

"No, I will go farther yet," the little girl decided after a few minutes' search. "Nuts can still be found on the walnut trees, but they are not thick. The picking would be slow."

Taking up her baskets, she went on, still running as lightly and easily as though just starting out on her errand. Sometimes she and her playmates made up a party to go after nuts or berries. Then they had great fun playing pranks on each other and making merry jests. But for a change, White Bird liked the quiet of to-day. She had many dreams, this little Indian child. She liked to think of the strange beings about whom her grandmother told stories. She imagined her meeting with them in the woods, and the wonderful things that happened at these times. Then, too, when she was alone, she could listen better for the voice of the Great Spirit, who speaks to his red children through the many voices of Nature. The ants, the crickets,

the robins, the breeze as it moves through the branches of the trees—all these bear messages from the Great Spirit. Even the leaves whisper his words. Ah! one must try so hard to understand what he wishes to say.

White Bird had forgotten the fear that entered her heart when her mother told her to follow this trail. The world was too bright and beautiful for fear. She had the whole day before her, too. Not till the sun set in the late afternoon did she need to return.

Another five miles had been travelled before the child found a good nutting ground. The trees here were so heavily laden, late as the season was, that White Bird's baskets were filled with ease. She only wished that she had brought more than these two. Ah! she had a good thought. She would dig a hole in the ground, a deep one, and line it with leaves. Then in should go the extra nuts and the whole should be covered with stones. Squirrel and his squaw could not get them now.

With the aid of a sharp-pointed stick, White Bird's fingers worked busily. The task done, the little girl gathered stones and packed them closely together over her store. To-morrow, maybe, or the day afterwards, she would come to get them with Red Deer and bring them home.

The sun was now high in the heavens, and straight over her head, so it must be midday. The little girl could see it through an opening in the tree tops. The clear, sharp air had made her hungry, though she seldom ate at noon time. But there were more nuts on the trees, and as there was time to spare, she would gather some for her own eating.

"I will climb yonder hill," thought White Bird. "There I will sit down where the warm sun will bathe me and I will crack my nuts and feast on the sweetmeats."

Away she went, and soon she reached an open space on the hilltop.

Far out beyond her lay the great ocean. Be-

low were fields where corn must have been planted not long ago. But there was no wigwam in sight, no sound of people's voices.

White Bird shivered, yet she was not cold. For the first time since she had left home she suddenly felt queer and lonely.

Those deserted corn fields! Yes, here and there, the little girl could see small piles of blackened stones, which had once been the fireplaces in happy Indian lodges. The little red children who had played in these fields only a few years ago—where were they now? All, all were gone, carried off by the fearful sickness which the greatest medicine men in the tribe could not heal with the strongest charms they could use.

Was the Great Spirit so angry with his people that he destroyed the whole village? As White Bird asked herself this question, her hands, which had been busy cracking nuts, became idle.

Again she shivered as she thought of the time

when people were living here, free and happy. She could not remember when it was, she was such a little girl then, but her grandmother had often told her the story—how men, looking out to sea, saw a black speck in the distance. As they watched, it became larger and larger. It was black no longer now, but appeared like a great bird with white wings floating over the water, and coming fast toward the shore.

And at last it showed itself not a bird, but a big canoe—Oh, very big—and men sat along its sides, and laughed and talked.

When they had come into shallow water, a smaller canoe was let down from the big one. Then men entered it and came to the shore. Their hands and faces were white and their bodies were covered with heavy garments. When they spoke, their words could not be understood by the red people. Then they made signs, showing that they wished to trade. They wanted furs and fish, and in return would give such things as the Indians had never even

dreamt of. There were clear sheets of stone which would break very easily and looked like the surfaces of ponds. In them the red men could see exact pictures of themselves. There were bright-colored beads, and other things most beautiful.

Although the faces of the strangers were of the color of white wampum which the Indians treasure so highly, they were not pleasing. "Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the red men. "We do not want them here. We will destroy them."

Seizing their arrows, they rushed upon the white men and killed all but five. These were made slaves, and many were the hard tasks which they had to perform. Much they suffered, so bitterly, indeed, that in a short time they sickened and died. But before the last one came to his end, he spoke words to the Indians that they would never forget.

"The Great Spirit is angry with you," he told them. "He will punish you for being so cruel

to my friends and myself, for he loves us tenderly. Yes, he is so angry that he will destroy you all for what you have done to us."

"Ugh! We are too many. The Great Spirit cannot do that," answered the red men, and they were not afraid.

But not long after the death of the Frenchman, a sickness fell upon the village. One wigwam after another became empty of its people. The corn fields were tended no longer. No more did the hunters go forth after deer. The voices of joyful young men and maidens could no longer be heard along the shore in the summer evenings. The plague raged till the whole village had been wiped out.

As White Bird thought of what had happened only four years ago, her eyes grew big and bright with wonder.

"The white men must be very great," she said to herself. "They must be dear to the Great

Spirit. And I wish I could look on a person with a skin all white,—so different from my own."

The little girl spread out her hands in the sunshine. How different they were from those of the strangers who had come here from across the Big Water! The color was beautiful in the eyes of her people. Was not the wampum used in trade, and the only money known to the red man, made from the polished white lining of sea shells? Why, the good and great chief Massasoit had a wonderful coat made wholly of wampum. It was worth very, very much more than White Bird could picture to herself. "At any rate," she said to herself, "I will try to have a white heart which shall be pleasing in the eyes of the Great Spirit."

As the little girl sat dreaming on the hill top, the autumn sun was fast travelling to his home in the west. Long shadows began to fall around her. She sprang up with a start, seized her baskets, and started homeward in haste. Bears

might be waking up from the day's sleep in the woodlands through which she must pass, and she did not like the thought of meeting Mr. Bruin alone.

CHAPTER II

AN EVENING WITH SQUANTO

WHILE White Bird was away from home gathering nuts, her father and brother had taken their bows and arrows and gone bird-hunting along the shore. They had been successful, and before the little girl got back to the wigwam they appeared in the doorway with long sticks from which six ducks were hanging. With them came a guest, the good Squanto, whom everyone loved.

White Bird's mother dropped the mat she was weaving and sprang up to take the birds.

The morning fire had died out hours ago. It must be kindled anew, that the birds might be roasted for supper. The woman went to a corner of the wigwam, picked up two pieces of flint, and began to rub them together. Bright sparks soon came flying forth. Still rubbing the

stones against each other, the woman bent over the fireplace, letting the sparks fly towards some dry leaves and tiny twigs. They began to crackle, and flames leaped forth. In a short time a big fire was roaring, and sending columns of smoke up towards the hole in the roof overhead, which served as a chimney. The ducks, still in their coats of feathers, were taken from the stick and laid in the hot ashes, where a hole was scooped out under the burning wood. They would soon be roasted.

The squaw had taken the birds from the ashes and was already skinning them, when White Bird appeared with her baskets of nuts.

A loving look came into the mother's eyes when she saw her little daughter. Perhaps, even though an Indian, she had been troubled at the child's long absence. Twice she had stood in the doorway, and, holding her hand above her eyes, had looked out into the gathering darkness. Once she thought she heard the howling of a wolf in the distance. Why had

her one little White Bird delayed so long in coming, she wondered. So now, when the child appeared safe and sound, the mother's heart was glad. But she said nothing to show her delight. Neither did she scold her daughter for staying away so long. She merely pointed to the birds, and made a motion towards the men's side of the wigwam, as much as to say, "Make haste to help me serve the supper. See! a guest is waiting."

At the sight of Squanto, White Bird's heart was glad. By-and-by she could listen to his talk with her father. His stories were better than fairy tales, and quite as wonderful as the adventures of Glooskap, that strange being of whom her grandmother had told her so much.

Poor Squanto! She was sorry for him too. How terrible it must have been for him to come back to his village and find all his people dead! There was no friend to greet him; neither mother nor father, brother nor sister waiting in the doorway of the wigwam to receive him.

He was the only person left who belonged to the deserted village she had looked at this afternoon.

Why was this? Because he had been carried off in a white man's big canoe before the plague ever had fallen upon the village. And he had crossed the big water! He, Squanto, had lived with the white men in lands far away, lived in ways not known to the Indians. But he had come back after many years, and was happy in taking up again the life of his early days.

Gladly did White Bird serve her father and his guest that night, ever ready at her mother's bidding to refill their plates. The men, with Red Deer beside them, ate silently, after the manner of their people. Afterwards, as the night was cold, Red Deer placed fresh wood upon the fire, and, after the pipe of friendship had been smoked by Grey Eagle and his friend, they began to talk.

At first the men spoke of the hunt, and of some foxes which had been seen in the neighbor-

hood that day. Then there were words of praise concerning the good Massasoit, whose home was farther south. He had been made chief of the tribe because of his wisdom.

"He loves his people," said Grey Eagle. "His rule is strong, but kind."

"Yes, yes," granted Squanto. "The white men across the big water have no chief like him."

White Bird bent forward. If only Squanto, or Tesquantum, as Grey Eagle sometimes called him, would say more about these strange white men to-night. But she must not ask him to do so. Oh, no, a little girl could never think of being so bold. Just then her father asked a question.

"How many white men in that village across the water where you stayed?"

Squanto would have smiled at the question if he had not been an Indian.

"So many, why! you cannot tell," he answered slowly. "Wigwams close together, big wig-

wams, very big, and tall. Houses, the Englishmen call them."

Squanto raised his hand high up into the air. "Most up to the clouds," he declared solemnly. "And the people,—many, many people in one wigwam, some in one part and some in another. Just as if great number of wigwams all in one."

Squanto was thinking of the rooms into which one English house was divided, so different from any Indian lodge he had ever known.

"It is the braves who make these wigwams,—not the squaws," he continued. "Great noise when they build. They pound, pound, pound with heavy sticks. Long strips of wood they use. So strong are these lodges made that they last many winters, yes, as long as the bodies of the white men themselves."

"Ugh!" said Grey Eagle. "Good wind cannot enter the wigwams there and take out all the smoke and bad air."

Squanto shook his head. "Lodges shut tight; that is so," he replied. "But there is no smoke

for the wind to carry out. Smoke from burning logs goes up"—Squanto pointed up towards the roof—"through a long pipe,—so. White men call it chimney."

He sat silent for a time thinking; then he began to talk once more, telling of the cruel white men who had sailed into Plymouth harbor long ago, and who had stolen him and nineteen more men from his village. He spoke of others not of his village who had been carried off at the same time. They belonged to the tribe called the Nausets, to the southeast of Plymouth.

"Why were we stolen?" Squanto asked. "It was that we might be sold as slaves to other white men."

Grey Eagle scowled.

"And yet you love the white men!" he muttered.

"Some white men are bad, very bad. So some red men are bad," Squanto answered. "But other white men are good the same as other red men. The bad white men were cruel to me.

They made me work hard all day long, day after day. I thought Squanto would die and never see his native land again. But then a good white man saw me, an Englishman he was, and he liked me. He bought me from my cruel master. He was very kind to me. He taught me to speak like the white men. He gave me white men's clothes and good things to eat. I loved this new master, and his friends too. By-and-by he saw how I longed for my own land and my people, so he sent me back. Yes! I love white people now. I will help them if they come here."

White Bird, from her corner, could see that the scowl had left her father's face. He seemed to be thinking of what Squanto had said. For a long time there was no sound in the lodge, except the crackling of the burning wood in the fireplace. It was getting low, and Red Deer, noticing it, got up and laid on more sticks. As they kindled, the bright blaze leaped up and lighted the faces of the men. As White Bird

looked, she thought what a noble face her father had. Almost as noble as that of the good chief Massasoit, she said to herself.

Then, as Squanto began to speak once more, she forgot everything else in listening to him. He told of the dress of the white people; of the bright colored cloths used in their garments; of the queer coverings for their heads when they were out of doors; men had one kind and the women had another. And when they were all dressed, no part of the body could be seen, save just the face and hands. But with all the rich clothes that they wore they did not make themselves beautiful as did the red men. Why, even for a feast or dance they did not paint their faces! How would a red man look if he went to the council or the Festival of Green Corn without a single stripe of paint upon his body? No one would care to look at him.

But the food! There were many strange dishes, some of them very sweet. Puddings,

the white man called them, and they were not eaten until the meats had been disposed of.

And how oddly the white men ate! In all the time that Squanto was among them he could not get used to the queer things used to carry food to the mouth. As he spoke of them he leaned over towards the fireplace and drew the picture of a fork in the ashes, while his listeners watched him with interest.

Not once, he told them, did he see an Englishman cross his legs and squat comfortably on a mat. He sat high up on what he called a chair, and his legs reached down in front of him to the floor. How could a man rest with his body bent like that? "Our way much better," declared Squanto. And Grey Eagle nodded his head.

More wonderful things still the red man told of his stay in that strange land across the Big Water. He spoke of the trails, so wide that many people could walk side by side and not one behind another, after the fashion of the red men.

He told of the places called stores, where men handed out bits of shining metal and got in return cloth and meat and flour. One must work long and hard before one could earn those bits of metal, however.

"Are they to the Englishman as wampum to the red man?" asked Grey Eagle. And Squanto answered "Ugh," for "yes."

Then he added, "But they are not beautiful like our precious wampum."

The night was growing late, and White Bird's grandmother was already nodding her head.

"Let us sleep," said Two Bears.

His wife got up and spread out the mats on which the family would rest during the night. She pointed out a place on one of them for Squanto. A few minutes afterwards every one in the wigwam was stretched out for the night, and a sound like a sleepy chant filled the air. Grey Eagle and his family were singing themselves to sleep.

CHAPTER III

STRANGERS ON THE SHORE

WHITE BIRD'S mother had roasted some maize, and her little daughter was busy pounding it into meal on a big flat rock near the lodge. In the midst of her work, Red Deer appeared. He must have run many miles without stopping, for his breath came quick and short.

"Great news," said he, as his mother, squatting in the sunshine, looked up from the mat she was weaving.

"Great news," he repeated. White Bird laid down the stone she had been using as a pestle.

At these words, his mother dropped the mat and the old grandmother hobbled out of the wigwam. Both were eager to hear what Red Deer had to tell.

"I paddled a long way down the stream look-

ing for ducks," he went on. "I saw a flock flying southward. I was not far from the lodge of the good Massasoit when I met his son Pometawam, who told me what happened but a few days ago.

"He said, 'The white men have been here again and not far away, for it was among the Nausets, who will kill those white men if they can."

"Ugh!" the old grandmother muttered. "Great harm came to our people at Patuxet because they treated the white men badly. Yes, death came to one and all."

"But the Nausets cannot forget that many of their tribe were carried off by white men. It was when they took Squanto. And not one of them came back, not one," said Red Deer.

The old woman said no more, while the boy went on with the story.

"Five or six of the Nauset braves were walking on the shore. Looking ahead, they noticed that other men were coming toward them.

When they were still a great way off they saw that these others were strangers. Their dress, their head covering, their arms, the way of their walking, all told this.

"The hearts of the Nausets were filled with anger. 'White men again!' they said to each other. 'No longer is our land free and happy. Do the white men seek more slaves from among our people? We will hide. They shall not find us.' Even as they spoke they saw that the white men had discovered them and they fled into the woods, but the strangers followed.

"On ran the red men, silently, softly, quickly. And still the strangers followed. A big company they were, fifteen, sixteen, but they could not travel with the speed of the red men. They were dressed heavily and they carried big fire-weapons, the kind that make a sound of thunder and bring terror to the hearts of the red people. When they had run far through the woods they gave up the chase, for the night was coming on. Then one of the Nausets, climbing a hill, saw

them stop in the open. There they laid down their weapons. They gathered wood and built a fire. They stretched themselves before it to sleep—but not all. Some of them, still holding the fire weapons, marched back and forth. They watched lest the red men should come upon them in the night.

"All through the hours of darkness the Nausets watched, too. Not once did they sleep.

"When morning came, the white men started out again after the Nausets. In and out among the trees of the forest they traveled. Often their clothes caught on vines and brush, and each time they had to stop. The Nausets, whom they were chasing, kept so near to the white men that they knew what they were doing all the time. But the Nausets moved so softly that the strangers did not hear them.

"Up hill and down they went, through valleys where the deer love to feed, across fields where grow the strawberry vines and the wild grapes. Then they came back to the shore again. The

Nausets, squatting behind the tree trunks, saw them stop and look out to sea. There, out on the water, was the big canoe which had brought these strangers from far away.

"And now they made their way into a valley where the Nausets had buried their friends. They stopped before the grave of one of the braves. They lifted the mat which covered it and began to dig away the mound of sand."

At these words the two women scowled and White Bird's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"The Nausets would have attacked them, but they dared not. Five, against that great company with those fearful weapons that carry death? No, they dared not.

"The white men dug till they came to the bow and arrow which had been buried with the brave. After looking at them they talked together. Then they put the weapons back and piled the sand back in its place."

"Good," muttered the boy's grandmother, who had stopped scowling. "They acted not

like enemies. They would not dishonor the dead of the red men."

"But now hear me."

Red Deer showed more excitement than his people think is wise. His mother looked at him, as much as to say, "Be calm, my son," and he began to speak more quietly.

"They now left the graves, and going on, they came to the fields where the dry stalks of corn had been left standing after the gathering of the harvest. Past these they went; then they stopped suddenly as they reached the mounds of sand beneath which the grain had been stored. Many words they spoke now in their strange tongue. Then they went busily to work. They dug until they came to the mat which covered the store of grain.

"Lifting it, they found two baskets filled with corn, one larger than the other. It held many ears. Red, yellow, and blue were the kernels. It must have pleased the men, for when they had lifted up a basket heavy with the weight of

many ears, they held one after another up into the sunlight. They looked often at the basket, too, and traced the pattern of the weaving with their fingers."

"I weave as beautiful baskets as any squaw of the Nausets," Red Deer's mother said, and the old grandmother nodded her head.

"What did the strangers do with the corn?" asked White Bird. "Did they put it back into its place?"

"No," answered her brother. "They talked much together, and nodded to each other from under their queer high head coverings. Then they made a load of all the corn they could carry, and went back towards the shore.

"The night was coming, wet and black. They reached the edge of a pond, where they stopped and built a fire. Then all but three stretched themselves out to sleep. These three walked up and down with their weapons in their hands. The Nausets, who were still watching, had no chance to surprise and attack them in all

the hours of the night. The morning came at last, and the white men started out once more, keeping to the shore of the pond and not entering the woods again."

"What were they seeking now?" asked Red Deer's mother.

"Perhaps they had lost their way and were looking for a trail which would lead them to the ocean," suggested the old grandmother.

"It may be, but now you shall hear what happened. They reached a trap set for deer. A young tree had been bent over with stout cords of hemp, and acorns were scattered beneath it to tempt the deer. The white men saw the trap, and stopped to look at it, when ugh! one of them stepped without care. Up he flew, caught fast by the leg. High in the air he swung while his friends gathered round.

"The Nausets were much pleased. They wished more traps had been set, one for every white man who had stopped on their shore. 'Then we would have been glad at such a good

way of bringing the stay of the strangers to an end,' they said to each other."

"If the white men come here we will not be like the Nausets," remarked the old grandmother. "We will welcome them. We want no more terrible sickness like that which came to Patuxet. But what did the white men do after they freed their friend from the trap?"

"They sought the shore once more and made their way out on the point which reaches far into the sea. There they shot off their weapons, and such a terrible noise as they made! It was like the roar of heavy thunder. The knees of the Nausets shook together, so they said afterwards.

"It must have been for a sign to their friends in the big canoe, for they let down a smaller canoe over the side. Then men got into it and turned it towards the place on the shore where the other white men stood waiting. A little time more, and all the strangers had left the land of the Nausets."

"Mother, do you think they will come again?

I wish I might look upon the strange white men," said White Bird, as her brother ran off towards the woods.

"I do not know, but I believe it," was the answer. "They have been near us many times already. Samoset, before he came to live here, saw them often on the shores to the north of us. They sought fish and furs from the red men and they traded for many beautiful things such as you and I never looked upon."

CHAPTER IV

THE LONG AGO

"GRANDMOTHER, tell me stories of the long ago."

White Bird had squatted close to the old woman's side and was now looking up at her with pleading eyes. For a minute or two there was no answer, but the child felt a rough, wrinkled hand smoothing her hair. She loved this old grandmother, for she knew, though the face might look hard to others, that a kind and loving heart dwelt in the bent old body. The sun was fast sinking in a bed of fleecy clouds, and the air was filled with the chill of snow.

"The winter is at hand," said the woman at last, "the long, cold winter," and with a shrug of her shoulders she drew the deer-skin cape about her. Then she went on:

"A story—yes, you shall have a story, but first let us go inside; there the fire is still burning."

White Bird's father had gone to a council, and her mother was at a neighboring wigwam chatting with her women friends. Red Deer was playing games with some other boys, and the two were now quite alone. The little girl followed her grandmother into the wigwam, but did not draw down the mat which served as a door. It was pleasanter to look out at the sky and watch the stars, as they came out one after another.

"Grandmother, see, they are laughing at us to-night. They must be very happy up there," said the child, as she pointed towards them.

"Yes, very happy—no cold there, no hunger," was the answer. "The stars are good and wise spirits. They shine down upon us in their love. But the story, my child? Shall it be about the wonderful deeds of Glooskap, or the first coming of the white men?"

"Both, grandmother," begged White Bird.

"Ugh, Ugh, we shall see," said the old woman. Her voice sounded so harsh that it might have scared a white child, but the little grandchild felt only the love hidden in it,—it was deep down, but it was there.

Now this is the story to which White Bird listened as the stars came out in such numbers that the sky was like a vast field of daisies, only the stars shone and smiled and twinkled merrily, while daisies cannot smile, though they nod gently as the breeze passes over them. At least, that is what White Bird thought as she looked out through the low doorway and listened to her grandmother's words.

There was once a great magician called Glooskap. It was in the long ago, before the time of any of the red men living to-day. Yes, —it was before there were any red men whatever. Where Glooskap came from, no one knows. But one day he appeared on these very shores where White Bird lived with her parents. And looking around him he said, "There must

be men upon this earth. And they shall be masters of all that is here."

First, however, Glooskap made dwarfs, the tiny creatures who dwell in the rocks and the trees. Then came his great work,—the red man, to whom he was ever afterward a friend. This, however, was only if the man was good. Then he was always ready to save him from harm and to protect him from the wiles of other magicians.

"Whoever comes to me shall have his wish." Thus said the great and wise Glosskap. "But woe to him who is bad. Then his wish shall do him more harm than good."

Now there was an old man who had three sons and one daughter. They lived in the country to the north of White Bird's home. They were all magicians, every one of them,—the father, the three sons, and the one daughter. They were giants, too, and they ate everyone who came in their way.

Glooskap had once lived with these giants,

but that was in the time when he was young and they were good. Now that he heard of all the wicked things that they were doing, he said to himself, "I will pay the magicians a visit, and I will punish them for their wicked deeds."

Of course he must not let them know who he was. For this reason he changed himself so that he looked exactly like the old man, who had only one eye, while the hair on one side of his head was grey.

Than he appeared at the house and, entering, sat down to talk with the father giant. As the sons listened, they said to each other, "This visitor is a magician like ourselves, and we will kill him."

But the visitor was so like their father that they did not know one from the other. If they were not careful, they would destroy their own father instead of the visitor.

"However, we will yet get the better of him," they said among themselves.

At the bidding of her brothers, the sister

giant took the tail of a whale and cooked it. When it was quite tender, she took it from the pot and offered it to Glooskap. At this, her elder brother reached up and snatched the meat away from him, saying, "That is too good for a beggar like you."

You can see from this that he was trying to pick a quarrel with his visitor. But the great Glooskap answered very calmly, "What is given to me is mine, and I will have it. I will therefore take it."

Then, without moving or trying to snatch the meat back, he simply *wished*. And lo! the meat left the bad giant's hand and came back to him.

Again the bad giants talked together and planned how they might yet get the better of their visitor. They waited till he had finished eating. Then the eldest brother picked up the jaw bone of a whale. It was big and strong; yet, using all his strength, he succeeded in bending it just a little.

Glooskap watched him, untroubled. He could certainly beat him at this feat. So, when the magician handed the jaw bone to him, he held it between his thumb and fingers. Pressing it between them, he broke it into two pieces.

Once more the giants talked together. "He is very great," they all agreed, yet they still felt sure that they could beat him. So they made a new plan.

They took an immense pipe and poured some tobacco into it. Each one of them in turn took a long pull, drew in the smoke, and then blew it out through the nostrils. Thereupon Glooskap took the pipe and filled it with strong tobacco to the very brim.

Then he lighted it, and took such a long pull that all the tobacco was burnt to ashes. And he drew in the smoke, every bit of it, and blew it out through his nose.

"Well, he has beaten us at that," the magicians said to each other, "but we will yet get the better of him."

Then they turned towards Glooskap and said, "Come, let us play ball together."

Quite willingly he followed the giants out to a sandy plain by the side of a river. Then the bad brothers threw the ball, which they had brought down, upon the ground, and what do you suppose it was? A horrible skull! It rolled rapidly over the ground towards Glooskap, and, had he not been a wonderful magician, it would have bitten his foot quite off, so fiercely did it snap at his heels.

It could not harm him, however; he only laughed, as though the others were trying to play some foolish, silly trick. Then he turned, and going up to a tree, broke off the very tip of a branch. He had chosen this for his ball. He then laid it down upon the ground and set it rolling. And what, think you, it became? A skull, but larger, and more horrible than the first one. And it fairly flew over the ground, and chased those bad magicians as a lynx chases a rabbit.

As Glooskap stood watching, he stamped upon the ground, at the same time singing a song of magic. And lo! the water of the river began to rise. Higher and higher it rose until it swept over the sands where the bad giants were fleeing before the skull. They were overcome by its might and now, changed into fishes by the magic song of Glooskap, floated away from his sight. Never more would they be able to work harm to others.

"Ugh!" shuddered White Bird as the old woman finished the story. "Are there any more bad magicians to-day, grandmother, or did the good Glooskap destroy them all?"

"We never meet them now, and we may thank the good Glooskap for it," was the answer. "But neither does he come among us. When the white men first appeared in our land, our people thought that they were great beings like Glooskap himself."

"Oh, tell me about that time, grandmother," begged White Bird.

"Listen, then, my child. It was a fair morning, and the Great Spirit was speaking to his red children through the soft breezes that played over the water and the bright sunshine that sparkled on the waves. Someone walking on the seashore saw a speck far out,—as far as the eye could see.

"Each moment it grew larger, then, as the sunlight fell upon it, it seemed no longer a speck, but a great white bird with wings spread wide. Larger and larger it became, but it sought not the air as do the birds. It floated over the water, and ever it came nearer and nearer to the shore. Sounds came from it like the voices of people.

"And as it came nearer, the watcher on the shore saw that it was not a bird, but a canoe, far different from any of those of our people. It was large and very beautiful, and in it were men with white skins, fair hair and blue eyes. And when they had landed, they spoke strange words that no red man could understand.

"'They are gods,' said our people, and they bowed down to them to worship them, bringing gifts of all that is precious to us. As the days went by they found that these strange beings were men like themselves. They quarrelled together, and they were sometimes ill. They could not be gods, though they were wise in ways where the red man is ignorant.

"Some of them stayed in the land for many moons, and there were those among them who died, so they *could not* be gods," repeated the old woman shaking her head.

"All this happened in the long ago," she continued, "but since those days the white men have come many times. But they did not stay, and so I have never yet seen one of their people."

"No, nor I," sighed White Bird. "But, grandmother," she whispered, "would you like to be as they are, the color of the snow?"

"No, my child. The Great Spirit made me, and I am glad. Soon I shall go to the land of the Blessed, where I shall still be a red woman

and follow the ways of my people. There will be no sickness there, nor pain. The Great Spirit is good. But, my child, the night goes fast. See where the moon is in the heavens."

She got up and, standing in the doorway, pointed with her old withered finger towards the sky.

"Go to your mat, little White Bird, and seek the sleep which the Great Spirit gives to all his children."

A few minutes afterwards White Bird was stretched out in her corner, singing softly to herself, yet her eyes would not become heavy. Two thoughts kept knocking at the door of her mind. One was of Glooskap, the great and good magician, the granter of wishes. With this thought was the wish that white people might come into the land to dwell, and that among them here should be a little child like herself,—yes, and that that child should be like a sister to her. Would the good Glooskap, in his great love for the red people, grant such a

wish? The second thought was this. Was she sure that it was a good wish, that it would do no harm to her people? Yes, she was very sure.

CHAPTER V

THE FIGHT

WHITE BIRD'S mother was busy putting the wigwam in order. The little girl helped her as she sorted out the baskets of different sizes, the pots in which she boiled fish, the wooden bowls and spoons, and the bundles of flags and bulrushes out of which mats were to be woven in the winter.

One of the baskets was filled with tobacco, and another with acorns. A third held some dried herring, and a fourth, powdered maize, ready to be made into cakes.

"Wash the bowls and spoons, little White Bird," said her mother, and the little girl, throwing a deer-skin cape over her shoulders, gathered up the dishes and ran barefooted down to the brook near the house. It was a sharp morning, and the water was coated with ice

which had to be broken through before the dishes could be washed. The work done, White Bird was on her way back to the lodge when Red Deer overtook her.

"More news!" he said. "White men again in the land of the Nausets! Yes, and their squaws and papooses with them!"

White Bird was so excited at the news that she dropped one of the bowls. Had Glooskap already begun to grant her wish? Squaws and papooses! Up to this time only the men of the white people had landed on the shore, and now there were not only squaws, but papooses.

But the little girl said nothing, and waited for her brother's next words.

"They brought with them great bundles of clothing, and kettles and wooden bowls, but not like these," he went on, pointing to his sister's load.

"Big, very big they were," and the boy reached out his arms in a wide circle. "The men made fires on the beach, and the papooses

helped in bringing in the wood. Water was heated in kettles hung over the fire, and then the men poured it into tubs. The women began to wash, while the men moved up and down near them with fire-weapons in their hands.

The Nausets watched them from far off. They wished to set upon the strangers, but did not dare. The white men were too many, and besides, the ugly fire-weapons were ready in their hands."

"But the papooses, what did they do, while the squaws washed?" asked White Bird.

"They played about and talked and laughed, but they stayed most of the time near the squaws. They seemed afraid, looking often towards the woods. They must have been thinking of the Nausets who were watching them, though they did not know it.

"After the washing was done, the clothing was stretched out on the bushes. When it was dry it was made up into bundles, and everyone went back again to the big canoe."

By this time White Bird and her brother had reached the lodge, where they found their father busy with two visitors. One was Squanto, who had lately spent the night with them. The other was Samoset, a tall, straight man, very handsome, so White Bird and her brother thought. Not long ago he had come from the land to the north. There he had had dealings with white men, who anchored their vessels off the shore while they traded with the Indians for fish and furs. Samoset was very proud because he could speak a little of the language of the white men, though not so much as Squanto.

"A grampus?" asked Two Bears, just as the children entered.

"Yes, a large one," answered Samoset. "It lay dead on the shore where the storm had thrown it up. The layers of fat upon it were thick, and the Nausets were busy trying to cut it off when one of them happened to look up. There, not far off on the water, he saw a boat. It was not a large one, but it was filled with

white men and it was coming towards the shore."

A grampus is about half as large as a whale, and the fat can be tried out for the oil, which White Bird's people valued very highly.

"The Nausets did not like to leave the grampus," continued Samoset, "so they worked fast, cutting and carrying the fat away. But all the time the white men were drawing nearer. So much did the Nausets hurry, that many a strip that had been cut from the grampus was dropped on the sands as they carried it homeward; but they did not dare to stop to pick one of them up."

"'Stay no longer,' at last said one of them. 'See! the white men will soon reach the shore.'

"Then they went into the woods and hid. But they did not go so far that they could not watch the white men. The boat came up to the shore where the dead grampus was lying, and the strangers landed. They walked along the

shore until they came to the footprints of the Nausets. These they followed even till they led into the woods. And still they followed the Nausets.

"They passed the place where the Nausets bury their dead; they stopped and entered wigwams from which the people had moved away not long since. They dug up stores of acorns, but they put them all back again. So softly did the Nausets move, that they kept themselves hidden all the time, though they were not far away.

"The night was drawing near. The white men turned about and once more sought the shore. And still the Nausets followed, creeping behind them like sly foxes. They came at last to the water side, and, building a great fire, most of them lay down to sleep. But some watched all the time, and the Nausets did not like this.

"When the night was half spent, the Nausets, who were themselves watching, said to each

other, 'We will speak to them with a sound that will strike terror to their hearts.'

"Then they raised a cry. Fierce and terrible it was. It told of the anger of the Nausets. It rang out far and long through the night air, and warned the white people to leave the land of the red men. They answered the cry with the thunder noise of their weapons. Twice they spoke with them. After that all was still till the early morning.

"Then the listening Nausets once more heard the thunder sound of the weapons. They drew nearer. They watched. Ugh! The white men laid down their weapons in a great pile. The outer garments, all made of metal chains, which they had worn about them the day before and through which arrows cannot pass,—these they laid down also.

"Now was the time for which the Nausets had been looking. They rushed out of the woods, sending their arrows thick and fast like a shower among the white men, and at the same

time they gave their fierce and terrible war cry.

" 'Woach, woach, ha, ha, ha, woach!' was this cry.

"The white men shouted, 'Indians, Indians,' as the arrows came flying among them.

"Some rushed toward the pile of weapons which they had laid down on the pile of sand and seized them in haste. But their chief—he was a little man—had his own weapon ready, and he shot it at the Nausets. Also three other white men who had their weapons ready shot at the Indians; but the iron balls they sent forth did no harm, for the Nausets were hidden behind the trees.

"Again they cried with a long and terrible cry, 'Woach, woach, ha, ha, hach, woah!' and again the arrows flew among the white men like a great flock of birds.

"But by this time all had seized their weapons and the iron balls came flying about the Nausets. They did not flee, however, until one of the bul-

lets struck the arm of a brave sachem, Big Wolf. The blood poured forth, and with a great cry he fled into the woods and his followers after him. The white men followed for a time, shouting and sending more iron balls from their weapons.

"Then they turned back to the place where their boat was fastened on the shore and got into it and were soon moving far away."

Two Bears had listened to the story very quietly, yet he scowled from time to time. When Samoset had finished, he spoke very slowly.

"The Nausets are foolish," he said. "The white men know magic and they are very powerful. It is best to be friends with them, not enemies."

Both Samoset and Squanto nodded their heads.

"The white men are wise," said Squanto, speaking for the first time. "I like them, for

they are my friends, and if they come here I will help them."

"I, too, will be a friend," said Two Bears.

"And I," said Samoset.

White Bird, who had listened closely to all that had been said, sighed with gladness at these words. She was thinking of the white papooses. If they came, it would grieve her if harm fell upon them, for one was to be as a sister to her. Yes, poor ignorant little red child, she believed that Glooskap, the great magician, had somehow heard her wish and would grant it.

CHAPTER VI

THE COMING OF BRIGHT STAR

IT was a stormy night. The mats which covered the wigwam flapped up and down as the wind blew in great gusts. How it howled! From the distance came other howls, more dismal still, for the wolves were abroad. White Bird shuddered as she lay listening, for she could not sleep. For three days the storm had raged and the little girl had had no exercise out-of-doors, which made her restless.

She began to repeat to herself her favorite stories. There was one about a star, which she loved dearly. It was the story of a little red boy who was fond of looking into the evening sky and watching the stars as they peeped forth into the night. There was one star in particular which he watched for, and by-and-by he began to think of this as his own star.

When he was lonely and sad, as sometimes happened, his heart leaped up once more in delight as he beheld his star shining and twinkling merrily over his head.

"My Star Beautiful," he called it.

Years passed by and he was no longer a child, but a young brave. Still he looked for his Star Beautiful in the heavens and was made happier by the sight of it. Trouble came, and he was sometimes in doubt as to what he should do. Then, waiting till the twilight had fallen, he looked up into the heavens, and, when his star appeared, it seemed as though his path was clear again and wisdom entered his mind.

All his life the star guided him, and when the time came for the Great Spirit to take him from this earth, he felt that his Star Beautiful was calling him, and he was glad in his heart. At the thought of the Star Beautiful, White Bird's eyes began to grow heavy. The great Chief Sleep had drawn near and was beckoning her to follow him to his kingdom.

That night, while she was still in the realm of Sleep, she had a beautiful dream. It seemed to White Bird that she was standing upon the shore of the ocean and looking over towards the east. It was evening, and the sky was lighted with numberless stars, which, shining brightly, were reflected in the calm waters below.

Then, far over in the east, a new star appeared, not large, but of great brightness and beauty. It did not remain where the child first saw it, however, but began to move. Higher and higher in the heavens it rose until it reached a spot in the heavens directly over White Bird's head. There it stopped. And then it seemed to the child that its light, as it fell upon her, wrapped her round about, filling her with great happiness.

In the midst of her delight she became aware that her brother was speaking.

"White Bird, White Bird, wake up," he was saying. "The storm has passed. The sun is greeting the children of the earth."

Yet still the little girl clung to her dream. She did not wish to let it go. It was too delightful. But Red Deer persisted.

"I shall go to the streams to fish," he said. "I shall use the hooks that you saw me making yesterday. Wake up and you shall go with me."

By this time the kingdom of Chief Sleep had vanished, and with it the dream which had brought such happiness. Half an hour later, White Bird, filled with pride that her brother should want her to go with him, was running behind him along the trail that led to Patuxet, the deserted village.

"Many brooks there," Red Deer had said. "They will be full now after the big rain, and the fish will be thick in the waters. You shall fill your baskets from my catch."

The boy carried two poles. One had a sharp wooden spear fastened to the end, and the other, a hook. Other hooks were fastened to his belt so that he might have some if he needed them.

The best fun was always in spearing the fish, as they swam near the edge of the stream. The boy had often stood on the banks of a stream, watchful and quiet, waiting till a big, fat fish should come swimming along, unconscious of danger. Then, of a sudden, down the spear would dart, and fasten itself in the body of the fish. There was no escape.

The children did not come to a full stop till they reached a stream just below the deserted village.

"Good place here, and plenty of fish," Red Deer said, as he stood looking into the water. "See, they are coming in from the sea. Many, many fish there are, too. Be still now, White Bird."

For an hour or so the little girl watched her brother while he lifted one shining fish after another upon the bank. These she killed and cleaned and put into her baskets, which were soon full. But Red Deer was not satisfied. Though he had caught all that could be carried

home, he wished to keep on for the pleasure of fishing.

"He does not need me any longer," thought White Bird. "I will go up to the top of the hill and lie in the sunlight."

The little girl had not forgotten her dream of the night before. She wished for a chance to think about it alone, by herself.

"The Great Spirit loves his children to-day," she thought, as she looked out to sea. The water was calm and beautiful, and the sunbeams were having great sport, chasing each other over the waves. Here and there a white cap still showed itself, but it was a merry little imp, not like the big fierce ones of yesterday, which strove to devour one another as the wicked green waves rolled over the surface of the ocean.

But the dream! What was the meaning of the small, bright star that came out of the east, and stationed itself over White Bird's head? Had it—Oh, could it have anything to do with the red child's wish for a white sister? She

knew that whenever the white men visited her land, they came sailing out of the east, and that their home lay in that direction. The dreams which the Great Spirit sent to his children were always full of meaning, though they could not always understand them.

Now there was her own name,—White Bird. The night before she was born her grandmother had had a dream, the meaning of which was very clear. Often had the child's mother told her about it, but always in low tones, almost in a whisper, for she held the dream as sacred.

The old woman seemed to be standing in the doorway of the wigwam, looking up toward the sky. But there was nothing to be seen save one fleecy cloud. Even as she looked the cloud seemed to change its form, and it became like a great white bird with wings outspread. Then the bird began to move. It left the heavens and flew down, down, down, till it lighted on the shoulder of the woman for a minute, then, still in the shape of a bird, it passed softly by her

and made its way through the low doorway of the wigwam. She turned and followed it with her eyes, watching it while it lighted on the beautiful embroidered baby frame that was hanging on the wall, and never as yet put to any use. All Indian babies are kept in such frames instead of in cradles, when their mothers are not holding them.

Was it strange, therefore, when the little granddaughter was born the very next day that the old woman said, "The child must be called White Bird?" No other name could possibly be given her.

As the little girl squatted in the sunlight, thinking of her own dream and of her grandmother's, she suddenly became aware of something moving out upon the water. It was,—yes, it was,—one of the white men's big canoes; a ship was the name they gave it, so Squanto and Samoset had said.

If she had been watching, she might have seen it before. Every moment it moved nearer.

Why, she could see people moving about on it now! She sprang up and ran down the hill. Over the stubble her little feet flew till she reached the stream where her brother was still fishing.

"Red Deer! Red Deer!" she called. "The white men come."

The boy dropped his pole in his excitement, for red children sometimes forget to be calm, notwithstanding the numerous lessons of their parents. His sister had already started back towards the hill, and he followed her till she had reached the summit.

"Lie low," the boy commanded, as soon as he had caught sight of the ship. "White Bird, we will watch, but they must not see us."

The two children flattened themselves out on the ground and, with their heads lifted slightly, strained their eyes towards the ship, now lying at anchor near the shore. It was the *Mayflower* upon which these children were looking for the first time, and the people whom it bore

were the Pilgrims, seeking a new home for themselves among the red men. They had explored the coast farther south among the Nausets, but were not satisfied, and now they had entered the bay which stretched along the shore of the deserted village.

Red Deer and his sister watched, almost breathless, as a smaller boat was lowered over the ship's side, and filled with people. Then came the sound of oars as the boat began to move in towards the shore. There were not only men, but women and little children in this boat, and they were white! The voices of these people could now be heard, but they were soft and low, far different from those of the red men.

The boat grounded on the sands, and one person after another sprang out upon a rock and ran up on to the land. How gladly they seemed to leave the boat! Many of them looked sick, and though Red Deer and his sister could not know this, they were much paler than they should be, for they were now free for the first

time after having been shut up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* for many weeks.

Yes,—these were the Pilgrim Fathers with their wives and little children.

"Look! see the dress of the white men," whispered Red Deer. "And notice what they wear on their heads—strange, very strange."

But White Bird's thoughts were with the children. One there was, a little girl, whom she followed every minute with her eyes. The child's hair was yellow, the color of the sunbeams. But it did not hang loosely over her shoulders the way that White Bird's did. It was braided neatly, and reached straight down her back beneath a close-fitting white cap. She, as well as the other little girls, wore a skirt that reached to her ankles, and a wide cape hung over her shoulders.

Indeed, her dress was almost exactly like that of the women of the party. As White Bird lay there watching, her heart beat so loud that she was afraid Red Deer would hear it thumping

against her sides. "It is the little white sister that I have asked for, she thought. Again the dream of the night before came into her mind.

"She is the bright star that has come to me out of the east," she said to herself. "Henceforth I will think of her by that name only,—Bright Star. And I, White Bird, will fly to help her if ever she is in need."

Hour after hour went by while Red Deer and his sister watched from the summit of the hill. Had these white people come to stay? It seemed so, for the men went straight to work, cutting down trees and splitting up the trunks. They marked off places on the cleared land, where they began to set up the logs that they had cut.

Squanto had spoken much about the homes of the white men. Firm and strong they were, and made of heavy wood,—not a single mat was used in the whole covering. Yes, these strangers were preparing to build such homes upon

the very ground where the deserted village had once stood.

The squaws and papooses were busy too. They kindled fires over which they hung big kettles. Steam soon began to rise from them. The squaws were cooking dinner for the whole company.

"See, the Chief!" whispered Red Deer, as he pointed to a small man covered with chain armor, who carried a gun and had a sword at his side. It was the brave Captain Miles Standish, who marched up and down, on the lookout for a possible attack from Indians.

"The other men carry fire-weapons, too," Red Deer added. "But there is no need; our people will be brothers to them."

White Bird scarcely heard any of her brother's words, for she was very busy watching the little white girls as they trudged about at their mothers' sides. They looked prim and old. How could they run with those long skirts and the hard, stiff coverings on their feet?

White Bird decided that it must be impossible, and she pitied them.

One of these was to be the little white sister who had come to her from the east. They were still so far away that she could not see their faces very clearly, but she watched most closely the little girl with the long golden hair, the one whom she had called Bright Star.

As she watched, White Bird longed to leave her hiding place and go to this little girl. If she could only look into her eyes! If she could but stretch out her arms to her in love! But no, she must wait in patience.

"They are going to stay. I am quite sure of it," the little girl said to herself. "I shall yet meet my Bright Star. The time will come when I, White Bird, can fly to her side."

The shadows of the short winter day had begun to fall before the Pilgrims left their work and went back to the ship. Then, and not till then, did Red Deer and his sister start for home. But what a story there would be to tell! Had

any others of their people seen the coming of the white men? Would they be kind to them if they made their home here? Yes, Red Deer and his sister were sure of it.

"Squanto is a nice man. He learned great things from the white people while he lived in their land. I, too, will learn now," Red Deer said to himself as he hurried along.

And White Bird was asking herself how long she should now have to wait before she should meet and know the white child who was to be her own little Bright Star.

Two Bears, who had been hunting all day, reached home before his son and daughter. He had shot two fine eagles, and the wigwam was filled with the odor of the birds as they were roasting in the fireplace. Roasted eagle is a delicious dish and tastes much like mutton. Red Deer and his sister were very fond of it, but now they were so busy thinking of the news they were bringing that they paid no attention to the cry of their empty stomachs.

Red Deer had just begun to speak when Squanto appeared. The man's black eyes were shining. He, too, had watched the arrival of the white men. They were the same as those with whom the Nausets had fought.

"But they are welcome here," Two Bears said, when he had heard the story. "I know that our good Chief Massasoit will be kind to them. None of our people wish to live where the deserted village is."

"No; they remember the words of the white man's warning. They would fear to live there. The strangers may make a home on that shore without fear of harm," answered Squanto.

White Bird sung herself to sleep that night, a tired but happy child. Even though the Pilgrims had gone back to the ship, she felt sure that they would return again and go on with the building which they had begun. And on the shore but a few miles away they would soon be living,—they and their squaws and papooses. Joy filled the red child's heart.

CHAPTER VII

THE NEW HOME

EVERY pleasant day after this the Pilgrims were busy on the Patuxet shore. Their axes rang merrily, as one tree after another was cut down in the near-by woods, while the sound of hammers could be heard from morning till night. None of White Bird's people went to Patuxet, however, though they watched from the near-by hill tops and from behind distant clumps of trees.

They knew when the first big house was finished. It was twenty feet long and big enough to store all of the provisions and furniture that had been brought from across the ocean. The Pilgrims slept in it at night while other and smaller houses were being built for the different families.

Never before had Red Deer and his sister

seen anything larger than their own wigwam. This rough log house seemed to be a perfect giant of a building.

"How strong it must be!" they thought.

Little did the white children dream that these other people, so different from themselves, were watching from a distance, as they ran about in the wilderness, helping their fathers and mothers to build the fast-growing village. A street was soon laid out from the shore straight up to the hill from which White Bird had first seen the *Mayflower* sailing into the harbor.

Besides the big house, the Pilgrims built seven other smaller houses, so that a little village was soon standing on the Patuxet shore, to which they now gave the name of Plymouth.

On the top of the hill itself the Pilgrims put up a strange-looking object. It was so heavy that it took all the strength of several men to carry it up from the shore.

"It is a terrible weapon of death," Squanto told his friends. "The white men call it a can-

non. When they shoot it the ground trembles and the air is filled with thunder."

At these words Two Bears shook his head wisely. "White men know much of magic. It is well to be friends with them," he said.

Of course a church was also built, for we all know that the Pilgrims were very devout, and had sought this new home in order that they might be free to worship God in the way they thought was best. What was the meaning of this church? White Bird and her brother could not think. Its shape was different from any of the other buildings. No one lived in it,—of that they were very sure.

But one day out of every seven there was no sound of saw or hammer in the village. All work stopped when the sun went down the afternoon before. On the morning of the seventh day, the white people formed in a line and went to church.

The men, looking very stern and solemn, marched at the head and foot of the line. They

carried muskets at their sides. The women and children had their places in the middle of the line. After they had entered the building they kept very still.

White Bird knew this, for once, after she had seen the Pilgrim procession pass through the doorway, she actually had dared to come within a stone's throw of the building. So near was she now to her Bright Star that her heart beat fast and hard at the thought.

Though the good Chief Massasoit had said, "We will not harm the white people," he did not go to Plymouth to welcome them at once. It was not the nature of the red man to hurry about such an important matter. Several times, however, White Bird heard her father talking about the matter with Squanto and Samoset.

"We will build fires along the shore," he told them. "In this way we will say to the strangers, 'We are friends; you have no need to fear.'"

The winter was cold and stormy. Many a

night White Bird went supperless to bed, for game was scarce in the forest. Sometimes, however, Two Bears would come home proudly showing a deer or wild turkey which he had just killed in the forest.

Then his squaw would hasten to make ready a feast, and his friends were called in to share in the good time. Squanto came oftenest of all. At the sight of him White Bird was always glad, for she expected to hear news of Bright Star and her people.

One bitter night the lodge was filled with visitors. Samoset was among them and so was Squanto.

"Make the fire big," Two Bears said to his son, and soon the flames were crackling merrily. Higher and higher they reached, as though they were saying, "Jack Frost, there is no room for you here. We do not wish your company. Away with you."

There was talk that night about the Pilgrims.

"Little work now," declared Samoset. "Not

many men walk along the shore. Only one, two, three, I see together. Some sick, some die."

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted one listener after another.

"The winter very cold. Much snow and ice," remarked Two Bears. "Bad for the white people. Not so strong as the red man. Ugh."

White Bird was listening closely. "Perhaps Bright Star is sick. I have not seen her for two moons. One day I watched, long, very long, but she did not leave her lodge. Perhaps the Great Spirit will make Bright Star die. Then I shall never know my white sister."

At this thought tears came into the red child's eyes. A wild savage you may call her, yet her heart was a tender one, and she was ready to love the little daughter of the Pilgrims with her long golden hair and pale cheeks. White Bird would have felt bad indeed could she have known that at that very moment her Bright Star was burning with fever and that

many of her people had already died from the hardships they had suffered in their new home.

"When the warm days come, we will go to the white men. You, Squanto and Samoset, shall speak to them for us," said Two Bears, when the visitors got up to leave for the night.

Two Bears was one of the chief braves of his tribe. He was a great friend of Massasoit, who often asked his advice. So, when White Bird heard the words of her father, she felt sure that her people would soon make friends with the white men. Then, if Bright Star still lived, she could yet make friends with her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MEETING WITH BRIGHT STAR

WHITE BIRD was sick. Never before had she lain on her mat all day long. Her head felt strangely hot, and her hands seemed to be on fire. She tossed about on her mat, and her loving mother came again and again to her side to spread out the deer-skin covering which she had thrown aside.

"Water," she kept calling, but no sooner had she taken a long, cool drink, than the thirst returned again, worse than before. Once her mother brought her a bit of wild goose which had just been roasted, but, when she tasted it, it seemed to choke her.

Sometimes she dreamed, but one dream chased after another so fast that her head grew tired, very tired. At one moment it seemed

as though the wild goose she had tasted had come to life, and she was flying through the air on its back. Then suddenly it shook her off and she was falling, falling. As she struck the ground she gave a loud cry.

She opened her eyes and saw her mother and grandmother standing beside her with a frightened look in their eyes. She heard her mother say, "The medicine man! We must send for him this very night." Then she began to dream again. This time she saw one of the Nauset Indians entering the village of the white men. It was night, and he was creeping stealthily towards one of the houses,—it was the one in which Bright Star lived. The next moment he was running out fast, very fast, and in his hands was the scalp of Bright Star. White Bird knew it by the long golden hair.

The dream came to a sudden end as the sick child became aware of a terrible noise. It was all about her, everywhere. She opened her eyes to see a crowd of people around her. The wig-

wam was filled with them, and the air was stifling.

Close beside her stood the chief medicine man of the tribe. He was beating a drum and repeating charms. His eyes rolled about in such a terrible manner that the sick child turned away in fright. Then she knew nothing more for many hours, and when she woke up again the mat which hung in the doorway was drawn aside and the bright sun was shining in upon her.

"The Great Spirit is good. He has given me back my little White Bird," said the Indian mother softly, as she pushed back the hair from the child's face.

"Yes, He gave strength to the charms of the medicine man," said the old grandmother solemnly.

A week afterwards White Bird was able to play out of doors with her little friends. Many of the days were warm and pleasant now, and the sun was melting the snow from the hillsides. At first, the little girl could not run, as she was

in the habit of doing. Her knees shook, and her feet felt heavy.

"Like big stones on the ends of my legs," she said to herself.

She thought often of Bright Star. "Was she still ill and shut up in one of those wooden lodges in the white men's village?" she often asked herself. Or had the Great Spirit been good and made her well? Poor child! Squanto had said that there were no medicine men among the white people. So it must be harder for her to get well than for herself, White Bird.

Samoset was staying with Two Bears at this time. The two men had only the other day been hunting near the white men's village.

"People there go out doors now," they had said. "They work, they fish, they hunt. The papooses play on the shore. The sickness must all be gone. We will go to see them very soon."

One morning about a week after the fever had left White Bird, she woke up feeling well and

strong. Her feet were no longer heavy, nor did her knees knock together when she walked about the lodge. Her heart sang a song of thanks to the Great Spirit as once more she was able to run down to the shore for her daily bath.

"I am going to the woods with Smiling Brook," she told her mother. "We will visit the squirrels and we will see if the sun has yet called the woodchucks from their winter's sleep."

The Indian mother nodded her head and smiled. She was glad that White Bird felt well enough to go. Smiling Brook was White Bird's playmate. The two children were both born under the harvest moon in the very same year. Smiling Brook was bigger and stronger than White Bird, however. Her black eyes were wilder, and were never dreamy like those of her little friend.

Now, White Bird had a plan this bright March morning. She meant to go to the Ply-

mouth woods and look out upon the white men's village. Perhaps she could catch a glimpse of Bright Star. But she did not tell Smiling Brook of this, for she wished for her company. She did not like the thought of going alone, for, after all, she was not quite as strong as before she was sick.

"Let us go this way," she said, pointing to the trail which led towards Plymouth.

Smiling Brook, glad to have her little friend's company once more, gladly followed where White Bird led.

There were so many things to notice and enjoy, this early spring morning, that the children did not hurry. Birds were flying overhead once more and singing joyous songs. Saucy chipmunks scampered across the path and scolded for the very joy of scolding. Insects were crawling about in the sunny spots where the snow had melted and the ground had softened.

Yes, and one worm, a big fat one, was actually crawling about beneath a heap of dry leaves

which the children pushed aside. Many times the two little girls stopped to listen to the pleasant sounds of the awakening spring! Some of them were so soft that a white person's ears would never have caught them. But these little red children, who had been trained from the time they were babies to watch for the many voices of Nature, could hear them plainly.

"Now for a good run. It will make the body feel glad and free," said White Bird after a while.

Smiling Brook led and, being stronger than White Bird, was soon far ahead of her. She did not stop until she had come so close to the village of Plymouth that she could hear the sounds of the workmen in the street.

Then she came to a sudden stop in a thick growth of trees and waited for her friend to catch up with her. Just as White Bird had almost reached Smiling Brook, with eyes sparkling and long black hair flying in all directions about her face, there was a rustling of the dry

leaves, and a scared face peered out from behind a big tree trunk.

The eyes were the color of the sky when Nature is gay and happy. They were the deepest, most wonderful blue, so White Bird thought. The strings of the white cap had loosened and it had fallen back, showing wonderful golden hair. But the cheeks of the child, how pale and thin they were!

"Bright Star! Bright Star!" cried White Bird, in the language of the red people, at the same time springing toward the child.

With a frightened look, first at White Bird and then at Smiling Brook, the child gave a loud scream, and rushed headlong past them and out into the open space beyond. She did not stop nor turn till she was once more in the street of her little village.

Poor White Bird! She flung herself on the ground and hid her face in the snow. All through the long winter months she had looked forward to this meeting with her white sister.

And now! the sight of her had filled the little Pilgrim with terror. White Bird could not understand why it was.

Smiling Brook looked at her in astonishment as she lay still and silent. What was the matter with White Bird? Why should the sight of the little Pilgrim make her feel so bad? She was greatly puzzled. On the way home scarcely a word was spoken, nor did White Bird stop till she came to the side of a little brook in which the ice was now broken up by the bright rays of the spring sun.

Bending over the water, she looked long and earnestly at the picture which it gave her of herself. She was very different from Bright Star, —there was no doubt of that. Her eyes shone like the burning logs glowing in the fireplace of her lodge. Bright Star's eyes were soft and gentle like the sky of a summer day. Her own hair was black as a thunder cloud and hung long and loose about her shoulders. That of Bright Star, yellow as the sunbeams, was plaited like

the rushes which the red women wove into baskets. And the skin! The brook did not show, though White Bird felt, the difference. Her own was like the clay which she helped her mother mould into pots, while that of the white child was like the fresh, falling snow, or the soft clouds overhead.

It might be,—it might be,—poor little White Bird said to herself, that if Bright Star should see her often, she would get used to the color of the red children. It must be that which frightened her. Yes, it must be that.

"I will make her a present. It shall be a basket of crab shells," White Bird decided. "And when it is finished, I will keep it carefully until we meet again. Perhaps that will drive out the fear from my little white sister's heart."

That very evening Two Bears brought home great news. Samoset had paid a visit to the white men. He had walked straight into the village. Going up to the men he had said, "Welcome," in their own language.

They smiled at him when they heard him, and when he said more English words still, they were much pleased. They looked at his naked body, for he wore only a fringe about his waist, and shook their heads. Then one of them got a cloak and laid it over his shoulders.

"Kind man! He thought I must be cold," exclaimed Samoset. Then he told Two Bears how well he had been treated.

Bread and butter, cheese, pudding and duck meat, the Pilgrims had given to their visitor, also strong water, which warmed him and made him feel good. It was a great feast. He stayed in one of the houses all night long. He used all the English words he knew in letting the white men know about Massasoit's tribe and of the Nausets, who hated the strange men and had fought with them before they sought a home at Patuxet.

"Do not fear," he had told them, "the red men care not to live at Patuxet. It is on account of the sickness which came there because of the

bad treatment of the white men. You are welcome, yes, very welcome."

The Pilgrims were glad to hear this, and when Samoset came away they gave him beautiful presents,—a knife, a bracelet and a ring.

"I go now to Massasoit. I will come back soon with more of my people. We will bring you beaver skins which are heavy and warm. They will please you much."

An hour after Two Bears got home and told of Samoset's visit to Plymouth, Samoset himself appeared in the lodge. Three others of his friends were with him.

"To-morrow we return to the white men," he told Two Bears. "Will you go with us?"

Two Bears thought for a moment. Then he answered, "Yes, but we must make ourselves look fine, as though for a feast. We must use paint and put on our best garments. They shall not think that we are poor, or that we need their cloaks to keep off the cold."

"Ugh! Ugh!" said the other men and nodded

their heads to show that they agreed with him.

Early the next morning Two Bears began to get ready for his visit. White Bird, over in her corner, watched him as he gathered up a knot of long hair on the top of his head and decorated it with feathers. Then he blackened his face with stripes of paint, while his wife brought long deer-skin stockings which reached to his hips, and new moccasins in which she had worked a lovely pattern with colored porcupine quills.

Last of all, she handed him a deer skin in which to wrap his shoulders, and the skin of a wild cat, which he carried upon his arm. Now, taking his bow and arrows in his hand, he was ready.

"How grand, how very grand, my father is in his paint and feathers!" thought White Bird. "When Bright Star sees him she will surely think him beautiful."

Samoset also dressed himself with care. So

did the other red men who were going. Before the sun had travelled high in the morning sky, the party started out. Red Deer watched them as they disappeared down the trail. So did White Bird and her mother and grandmother; so, too, did the squaws and pappooses in the neighboring lodges.

What would the white people think of these braves, they wondered with pride. White men know many things. They are wise, very wise, but surely they cannot make themselves look so grand as can the red braves.

Little work was done in White Bird's lodge that day. The women talked together about the visit to the Pilgrims, while Red Deer and his sister listened to their words. How long would their father stay at Plymouth, as Samoset said the Pilgrims had named their new home. Two or three days, maybe, for it was not the fashion of the red men to make a short call and then leave. No, that was not the way to treat friends.

When the night had come, however, White

Bird's quick ears heard a sound outside, as of feet moving softly and swiftly over the ground. Yes, her father and his friends were returning. But Samoset was not with them. He had stayed behind to make a longer visit, though the Pilgrims had sent the others away as it was their day of no work,—Sunday, they called it, the day of the Great Spirit.

But they were very kind and treated the red men well. They gave them a big feast. They were glad when Samoset spoke for them in English and said, "We want to be friends with you."

So much did Two Bears and his friends like the Pilgrims that they sang and danced for them. They also wanted to trade some skins they had brought with them, but the Pilgrims shook their heads. They told Samoset to come to trade at some other time, as they could not trade on the Great Spirit's day.

Before Two Bears and his friends came away, the white men gave them fine presents. When White Bird looked at the shirt and the ring

which her father had received, she said to herself, "They gave him the best presents because he was the tallest and the handsomest. Perhaps they thought he was a chief. It is no wonder. He is the best friend of Massasoit, and he is noble enough to be a chief."

"We soon go again," Two Bears said. "And Massasoit will go with us. So he told us. All of our braves will go too, and it may be that we will take our squaws and papooses. We will show the white men how great is our tribe!"

Had White Bird been a white child she would have jumped up and down with delight. But she did not move, though her eyes sparkled with gladness. They shone like wampum when it is newly polished.

CHAPTER IX

THE VISIT

AFTER what seemed like long hours of waiting, White Bird and her brother stood in front of the lodge. Smiling Brook was with them. The great body of braves was already on the move,—sixty of them. Many were dressed in their very best, with their hair greased and twisted into wonderful shapes. Fox tails, eagle and turkey feathers spread out from the tops of their heads and waved magnificently as the air blew them, now this way, and now that.

The paint had been laid on the faces with the greatest care,—red and yellow, black and white, in stripes and crosses, or perhaps covering the cheeks entirely. Many were the handsome leggins worn that day, trimmed with fringe

and decorated with porcupine quills worked in different patterns. Everyone, of course, carried bow and arrows. They were a goodly company of braves, that was certain.

"There goes the good chief Massasoit," whispered Smiling Brook to White Bird. "Is he not a noble chief?"

"He talks little, but he is very wise," answered White Bird.

Massasoit's face was painted red and shone with the oil he had spread over it. A chain of wooden beads hung around his neck, from behind which dangled a small bag of tobacco. In his bosom he carried a long knife. He was dressed no more grandly, however, than Two Bears, or any of the others of his followers. It was only the chain of beads and the knife which spoke, saying, "Here is the great chief of the Wampanoags."

When the last brave had entered the trail, the squaws and papooses followed after them, but there was little noise, no loud talking and laugh-

ter, no shouts, no jokes one with another as there would have been among white people.

No, the whole tribe moved quickly but with scarcely a sound except the light pressing of the feet upon the ground. They felt that they had a very important errand to perform. They were going to make a bond of friendship with the Pilgrims.

When they reached the last piece of woods, they stopped. Only one more hill to be crossed and Plymouth would be in sight!

"Go, you," said Massasoit, pointing to Squanto and Samoset. "You can talk the language of the white men. Three others of our braves shall bear you company. Take dried herrings which our squaws have brought, also these furs to trade with the white men. Tell them I wait here,—I and my people."

After the messengers had gone, the rest of the tribe squatted about under the trees, watching and waiting. An hour passed and yet there was no sound of returning feet. Then Massa-

soit rose, and with him his brother Quadrequina.

"Follow me!" he said to the other braves. "Let us go to the top of yonder hill. There we shall stand, and the white men can look upon us from their village."

The line of red men started out, and the women and children, from the woodland, watched them take their places on the summit of the hill.

Soon afterwards Squanto and Samoset came back to them from the village, and with them was a white man clad all in armor, with a shining sword at his side. They brought gifts to Massasoit,—two knives, and a copper chain set with a large bright stone. And to Quadrequina they brought gifts also,—one knife and a bright stone to set in his ear, also biscuit and butter and a pot of firewater.

Though White Bird and Red Deer strained their eyes, they did not know till afterwards what these presents were. They could see Massasoit

eating and drinking what had been brought, and laying his hands upon the white man's armor as though he wished it himself.

Then, watching, the children saw him and twenty other braves lay down their bows and arrows and follow Squanto down to the village. Two Bears was among them. But the white man remained behind with Quadrequina. It was as much as to say, "My people will do no harm to your red men. I stay here with you while your friends are with my people, so that you shall have no fear of their being hurt."

When Massasoit and his twenty braves reached the brook at the foot of the hill, other white men came out to meet him and led the way to their home.

"I hope our father is safe, and that the white men will not set a trap for him and the good chief Massasoit," said Red Deer, half to himself. But his sister heard him. Her black eyes shone as she threw back her long hair from her face and said, "My brother, the white men are

good. Samoset and Squanto have both said it. Our father will come back to us safe."

Then the little girl went off by herself to a quiet spot in the woods where she lay down on the ground and thought about the people in the village over the hill and, most of all, of Bright Star, with her soft eyes like the sky and her golden hair like the sunshine.

The long black shadows of night had made their way down between the tree tops before Massasoit and his friends returned to their people. Samoset and Squanto were having such a good time that they stayed behind.

"The white men are good, very good; we smoked the pipe of peace with them," said Two Bears to his squaw.

Then he went on to describe the visit. The Pilgrims had led Massasoit to a wooden lodge which they were then building. There they spread before him a carpet of green, and soft cushions where he should rest himself. Then came the ruler of the white men,—Governor,

they called him,—and with him was a man making a noise on a big drum and another blowing through a strange object called a trumpet. That, too, made a big noise.

Other men were at hand carrying the fire-weapons which the red people feared so greatly; but the white chief, the Governor, bent over and laid his lips on Massasoit's hand in a loving kiss. And the good Massasoit returned the kiss.

Then the two sat down together on the carpet and drank strong water together. Never had the red chief tasted anything like it before. It brought the tears to his eyes and sweat all over his body. After this came meat which the white squaws had cooked. When this had been eaten, peace was made, with the help of Squanto and Samoset, who explained to their friends the meaning of the white men's words.

Always, so Massasoit promised, he and his tribe would be the friends of the Pilgrims. They would do them no harm whatever. Moreover, if other tribes sought to make war on the white

men, they, the Wampanoags, would take the part of the white men.

After Massasoit had solemnly promised these things, he and his braves were led back to the brook, where the white chief and he embraced each other as brothers, and then parted.

All that night White Bird and her people remained in the woods. Then, when morning came, still other braves went down to the village and were feasted royally. The Pilgrims filled a large kettle with peas and sent it back with them to Massasoit, who was much pleased with the gift.

"Now, my braves, we will return to our lodges," he told them. "But see that ever after we and these white men are as brothers to each other."

CHAPTER X

A WHITE SISTER AT LAST

WHITE BIRD was squatting under a big tree near the lodge and working busily on the present which she had planned weeks ago for Bright Star. It was a basket of crab shells put together so daintily that the little white girl would wonder how it was done. And White Bird had worked every bit of it herself.

She held it up now in the light. Delicate pink shells had been chosen, so that it was the color of Bright Star's cheeks after a run on the beach, where White Bird got a glimpse of her a few days ago.

And now she, White Bird, would have a chance to put it in her small hand, for she was going to Plymouth on the morrow,—she and her brother and her parents. That very moment

her mother was coming up from the shore with a pail full of lobsters which she had just caught. Ugly, green things they were, with small wicked eyes; but the meat was delicious. They were to be carried to Plymouth as a present to the white people.

"If only we can go to the lodge where my Bright Star lives," thought White Bird. "Then I shall watch her eat one of these very lobsters."

Two Bears also had a gift ready to carry. It was a turkey which he had shot that day. As for Red Deer, he had spent all of the last evening spearing eels in the moonlight, and now he had a basket brimming full of the wriggling, delicious creatures.

"We carry a feast to white people," said Two Bears, when he started out with his family the next morning. "But they will give us good things to bring back,—maybe bright cloth and shining chains. Yes, they will be generous, too."

It was a beautiful summer day. The birds sang their gayest songs; the bees hummed busily,

and flowers in the open spaces turned their bright heads towards the sun. Many a wild strawberry vine was loaded with its juicy fruit, and the sweet odor was very tempting; but White Bird did not linger. Was she not on her way to see her dream come true? She was going to claim her white sister.

The brook was crossed, the last hill climbed, and the village was reached at last. But now White Bird lost her courage, and stayed close at her mother's heels, while Two Bears and his son went ahead with long, soft strides.

A white man came out of one of the houses, another, and still another. White Bird, casting a shy look upward, but still clinging to her mother, peeped into their faces. Stern they seemed, yet good. They made signs of friendship to Two Bears; each took his hand and shook it.

Then they turned towards his wife and motioned to her to enter one of the houses. In the doorway stood a woman, and beside her was—

yes, yes, it was Bright Star herself,—Bright Star with no cap covering her golden hair now, but wearing a white apron, which reached down to the edge of her long, dark dress. The white child seemed scared and hid behind her mother's skirts, peeping out, however, with those wonderful eyes of blue, at the little Indian girl who stood tightly clutching the crab-shell basket she had made with such care.

"Welcome," said the white woman. She opened the door wider and motioned to White Bird's mother to come in. The men, after smilingly accepting the gifts which Two Bears and his son had brought them, led them down the street to show them the village.

Slowly and a little fearfully, the red woman followed the bidding of her hostess. Yet she was curious, too, and when she was once inside the strange and orderly room she began to look around at the prim, straight-backed chairs and the wooden table with the big Bible lying open

upon it and the dishes on the shelves against the wall.

"Sit down," said the white woman now, as she drew two of the straight chairs from against the wall. White Bird's mother knew what she meant, for Squanto had described the furniture of the white men many times. But it took a good deal of courage to bend herself into the seat of the chair. Still, with an "Ugh," the red woman sat down stiffly; but White Bird, still close beside her, remained standing.

Clutching the crab-shell basket, she kept her eyes on Bright Star, who was now getting over her fear. Squanto was a guest in the village so often nowadays that she was becoming used to the sight of red people, and Squanto had shown himself such a good friend. He had taught her father how to plant corn so that it would grow fast. Many a basket of eels had he brought and put in the ground where the corn was to be planted. Many a bird had been killed by his

arrows and brought to the Pilgrims. Even though the red people looked so wild and fierce, they were showing themselves to be true friends to the white men in their strange new home.

Therefore, before many minutes, Bright Star dared to smile at her little visitor. It was a very grave smile, and the corners of the little mouth twitched ever so little, yet it was a smile, after all.

White Bird caught it, and her eyes, which had been seeking the floor quite steadily since she came in, smiled back. Then, while the white woman who was Bright Star's mother left the room for a minute, she spoke. It was just one word, "Welcome."

She had learned it from Squanto and had not forgotten that he used it when he first met the Pilgrims and that it seemed to please them.

"Welcome," answered Bright Star, and her smile grew broader. Then at last, White Bird grew brave. She held out the crab-shell basket towards Bright Star, and at the same time

touched her lips to the white child's delicate little hand, even as she had seen Massasoit do to the Pilgrim chief.

And Bright Star! the softest ripple of a laugh bubbled right out of her mouth, and then she reached out her arms! For a moment,—such a short, short moment,—she clasped the red child.

The dream had come true. White Bird had gained her white sister, and the light of the Star was shining straight into her heart.

THE END

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa.
Nov.—Dec 1985
We're Quality Bound

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00025484538